

Vassar College.

Oct. 13, 1872.

Dear Carrie,

"Another six days work is done*" and I again take my "pen in hand" be, With me it has been a very uneventful week, and with you, I suppose, quite otherwise, for the first week of your return must have been some* what filled up with visits. U 1 were of the homesick kind I presume I would be "blue" enough, because I have not had any letters from you all since those written in Janesville. I have to comfort myself with the old saying that "bad news travels fast" and believe that you are well since I have heard nothing to the contrary. I shall be disappointed enough if I do not get a letter from home tomorrow, for I have counted the days and find there is time for a letter.

Friday afternoon I was somewhat surprised to find Ida Whitman here. She had come to see her sister Nellie and enquired for me as well as her other friends here. You know she has two own cousins here, Mary Taylor and Carrie Norton. Ida is quite small and dark, I find, but quite lively and perfectly at her ease. She spoke in affectionate terms of you and hoped to hear soon from you, as "Carrie wrote such entertaining letters. I fear Jenay is quite homesick, although she does not say so. She is not well pleased at being a preparatory, but I think it is her own fault. If she had only been examined through Algebra and Geometry when she came all would have been right, for I am almost certain she could have passed.

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I shall never say another word in favor of your coming here, for perhaps, you might be discontented and then I should blame myself. Persons' tastes are so different, that no two are ever satisfied with the same thing. In Literature we have begun right in the middle. Instead of at either end. Shakespeare is the first person whom we have studied. We have had to write an essay upon him. This, of course, has caused me much trouble and grief but now that it is off my mind I am greatly relieved. It is very cold now, and the College having been somewhat torn up in the tower regions is as like a barn in regard to warmth as it can well be. My highneck wrappers are not at all unseasonable. Soon we hope to keep a little more comfortable.

Remember me to all the servants. I don't forget to tell them how much obliged I am for their nice presents.

Love to Papa, Mamma and yourself.

Julie.

Julia M. Pease, '75